THE KENNEBECKER.

BY HENRY KNOX BAKER.

NO. 3.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Courtship.—I would give three quarters of all I am worth in the world, and that is no trifle for me, to know how to court as our grandmothers were courted, *conscientiously*. People of no experience in the matter may laugh at the idea; and they who have been courting all their lives long, without ever getting ahead, may pity me. But I am not a fellow to be laughed out of my Christian name, or pitied out of a fixed belief. I know what I am about, bachelor though I am; and I not only have my reasons for what I say, but very good reasons too. There is nothing more difficult to go through with; nothing so rare on earth, I do believe, as what I call a conscientious courtship; a courtship, that is, where both parties act like reasonable creatures.

My brothers, who are all married and settled in life, and who never see me without expressing a wish that I would cast anchor somewhere, late as it is, and give a pledge to posterity for my good behavior—they would leave it all to nature. But I say no. Nature is never to be trusted in courtship—if she were, I should have been married ages ago. Nature may get a fellow into a scrape, *that* she may—but who ever saw her help him out of one, where the affections were busy? Marriage, to be respectable or safe, must be the marriage of the head, as well as of the heart—of the understanding and judgment, as well as of the mysterious sympathies and secret longings of our nature.

But to the point. When I was a young man, I had a habit of making love—that is, of trying to be agreeable to every pretty woman that fell in my way. There was no harm in that, I hope.

But as to courting, I protest to you, reader, I never had the heart for such a thing. Not that I never had the desire; not that such stories were never told of me; for I cannot deny that I yearned after a wife, long before I knew what a wife was good for, and that, in our village, I have been betrothed to somebody or other for nearly fifty years; although, as I hope to be—*married*, I was going to say, though I am old enough now to know better, I never squeezed a woman's hand in my life, except by accident—as where she stumbled over a ditch, or one or both slipped, as we held on our way over ice, and through snow, half-leg deep in the drifts, on a moonlight evening, in the depth of January; nor have I touched the lip of a woman, for the last quarter of a century, except in the way of trade, (I draw teeth occasionally) or after a game of button, when I was *obliged* to obey, whether I would or no, or lose a handkerchief or a penknife, and the girls were *obliged* to hold still, or lose their combs.

But to my particular case. When I first set out in life, I determined to be married as soon as ever I could find a tolerably handsome, tolerably good-tempered, tolera[illegible]y well educated, healthy woman. Whose fault was it, if, with such a reasonable hope, I went wandering about, I will not say how long, I will not say how far, in search of a companion? I wanted no beauty, no heiress, no female of birth or accomplishment. On the contrary, I should have been satisfied with any such woman, as any reasonable man that knew me, my temper, habits, condition, family and feeling, would have recommended to me. Nay, I would have abated something even from this, had I been allowed to judge for myself.

But though I made up my mind to be married without delay, I was determined not to buy a pig in a poke, nor ever to marry in a hurry, and repent at leisure; but to look before I leaped—according to the maxims of my grandfather, himself an old bachelor, with whom they originated. But how was I to find out the real temper and worth of the females I knew, if I went to work at once in the shape of a lover? How, if it was known that I was after a wife? how, without being made acquainted with their true temper, their household worth, *that* which the married man would have to put up with, and live with all his life long, without being allowed to visit them on the most familiar footing? To go when I was invited—to go when others were invited—would never satisfy me. I should be sure to see my dear in a holiday humor. No, no—I like to catch people in the suds—I like to fall upon them by surprise, when it is washing-day not only with their hands, but with their temper.

You see now what I was obliged to do—and I did it conscientiously—I was obliged to give the folks an idea that I did not mean to marry at all; that I was not after a wife; and then, that I might avail myself of the stratagem (a lawful one, I insist upon it, where a man really wishes to marry like a reasonable creature) I was obliged to become very intimate with the only woman I knew that appeared to be fitted for me. She was a warm-hearted, generous girl, of no great beauty to be sure, as the world goes; but she had a clear eye, a rich mouth, a plenty of good humor, was not worth a shilling, and appeared to be somewhat in danger from her poverty. I succeeded pretty well—the first week or two I was regarded as a neighbor, then as a friend, then as a sort of relation, and finally, before the month was over, as an adopted brother. Hang such

brothers, I say! We were on such good terms, that I was allowed to pop in without knocking, at all reasonable hours, night or day; to furnish her little bed-room with flowers; to lift her blind mother about in the old arm-chair, and go to church with her arm-in-arm, like a child, through the only street of the village. But, in the mean time, all her other beaux withdrew, the neighbors took up the affair—and while we were drawing our conclusions, one by one, they lumped them all together, and made a match of it. What was I to do? I was neither engaged nor betrothed—I might never be so—and yet, how could I bear to give her up? I had never opened my lips to the girl, or the mother, on the subject of marriage, yet they and every body else appeared to look upon it as a settled affair.

And so, after lying awake all night, I concluded to do the conscientious thing—for I had become rather dissatisfied with the way of our companionship. How were we ever to know each other heart and soul, as we should be known to each other, for the higher and holier purposes of marriage, if we continued our intimacy? And how if we did not? I never was half so much puzzled in my life.

So to cut the matter short, I concluded to withdraw—but to do it so gradually as to excite no remark, and only so far that I could keep an eye on her path, and return to her when I pleased. This would leave us at liberty not only to judge, but to act for ourselves. Reader, I put it to you—was I to blame? Would you advise anybody to buy a pig in a poke, or a wife in a holiday dress? With more wit, perhaps, I should have been safe; with less I know I should. But I was like the birds that are frightened away from the corn-field by a piece of ragged cloth, or a bit of woollen yarn—I knew just enough to be made a fool of with impunity. Had I known less, I should neither have seen nor suspected a trap; more, I should not have been frightened with a bit of packthread, nor have mistaken a coat for a man. But my beloved Bertha—who never cared a fig for the opinion of others, when it interfered with her own, would not give up what she insisted on calling our friendship; but begged and prayed of me to continue to regard her, as I always had, like a brother—bless the dear girl!—whatever the gossips of the neighborhood might say. If I left her now, people would think I did so on account of the reports—and here she blushed crimson—or that we had been quarrelling. As for herself, she was determined never to be a slave to the judgment of others. If her conscience did not reproach her, why should she heed the reproach of others? Not that she would never make any sacrifice even to propitiate error—even to sooth prejudice; but she never would make a disproportionate one. Here a glorious color overspread the whole breadth of her low Greek forehead, and the half-blown roses there trembled with sympathy. There was the transit of a star-like dream over her lighted face—a glow like that of summer-sunset in the depth of July, over the new-dipped water-lily; and her large hazel eyes ran over with big drops of light. I could hardly get my breath. For her own part, she had never misunderstood me for a moment—the gipsy—and having determined never to marry, on account of her poor blind mother, (her voice faltered here, and it was as much as I could do to keep from jumping up and crying out, I *will* have you, Bertha!) she would continue to be my sister, and I should be her brother, let people say what they would. There was no standing this. I saw my danger. I knew that my plan was all knocked in the head forever, if I gave up. Yet how could I refuse to be her brother, *only* her brother, you know? What if it should encourage a hope in her that might never be realized? And what if it did drive all other suitors away, and seal up the charm of her youth and beauty in the flush of her high maidenhood—why even that was no business of mine, if she insisted on desiring it. I knew that she would look upon me as a lover, in spite of all her declarations to the contrary.

And how could I hope to know her real character—*if* her real character was not what it should be, if I did give up, if I continued to visit her as intimately as before—a lover in the disguise of a brother? How could I ever know that I was *preferred*, if there was no obstacle in my way? Thus I argued with myself. And yet I did give up. And why?—Because I loved her. It was already too late for me to do otherwise than I did. But nevertheless, I determined to be wary, and to throw the neighbors upon a wrong scent, before they had driven us into each other's arms, in spite of her modesty and my conscience, without allowing us to get acquainted with each other. I played my part well—very well—for in three months from the day I was reinstated, poor Bertha was in a grave, and I was looked upon as her destroyer—charged with having broken her heart. As I live, we should have been married but for their meddling; and at the moment of her death, I would have gladly died with her.—*John Neal.*

A lesson for Wives.—My husband had provided very good lodging for us, and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, I know thou that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase. And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me,

upon which confidence I will tell you what happened: My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women are very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others; and yet none was at first more capable than I, that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it, being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was.

When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, "My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy." When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usually sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses.—So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, "Thou dost not care to see me troubled." To which he, taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honor is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; andpray thee with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.—*Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe.*

SERIOUS EXTRACTS.

Prayer.—I consider prayer not only as a sacred duty, but as an inestimable privilege.—It is the dictate of nature, delightful in prosperity, resistless in distress. I do not mean that outward ceremony—those cold and formal addresses to the throne of grace, which neither elevate the mind, nor purify the heart, but that deep and heartfelt communion which gives to humility power, and to weakness strength; which adds gratitude to faith, and confirms the spirit in its immortal hope.

Can it be possible that human beings, frail, helpless, dependent, fated to die, yet destined to a fearful immortality, should voluntarily deny themselves the sustaining hope, the never-failing consolation which springs from this communion with their God, this worship of their Maker! It is irrational, I should say impossible.

It has been said that no man ever DIED an Atheist,—I doubt whether any man ever LIVED an Atheist. Even scepticism of a less hardened character, is but a delusion of pride, a worldly conceit, a vain and miserable boast. We cannot resist the consciousness of the existence of a Supreme Being. We cannot resist the consciousness of the conviction of a future state. We cannot stifle the knowledge of our own transgressions, nor can we renounce the hope of life hereafter;

"For who would leave
Though full of pain, this intellectual being?"

This life, then, is but the commencement of our existence; the passage and prelude to that future which is to know no end. One internal evidence of this, is the unstable and unsatisfying nature of its best and highest enjoyments. Who is there that has not felt the truth of the exclamation, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit"? Who is there that has never occasionally felt the utter insignificance of all this boasted world can give or take away? Ask of him that is truly wise, where happiness dwells, and he will turn from this dim spot which men call earth, and point like Anaxagoras, to the heavens.

Oddity no proof of wisdom.—Some people affect to differ from mankind in general, merely for the sake of notoriety, and with the hope of being talked about. But those who seek distinction in this way, deserve nothing better than the obscurity from which they are attempting to emerge; and men of sense always conform to custom when they can do so without material inconvenience, or the sacrifice of any important principle.

POETRY.

Autumn,

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dies
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountains, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leafed,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,
And merrily with oft-repeated strokes
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him that with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

To Miss G——.

I met thee, radiant girl, last night,
In fashion's brilliant train,
Surrounded by the gay and bright,
The humble and the vain;
And graceful forms, and smiling eyes,
And foreheads high and fair,
And rosy lips of richest dies,
And dimpled cheeks were there.

Yet 'mid the beautiful and gay,
I saw thy deep black eye
Turn pensive from the scene away,
And heard you breathe a sigh.
You were the brightest of them all,
The magnet that had power
On each one in that lighted hall:
Why sighed you at that hour?

Had not the music and the dance
A charm, fair girl, for thee,
A thrilling power to break the trance,
And let thy mirth flow free?
No, there was not within that place
Enough to win one smile,
To deck thy brow with cheerful grace,
And light thy eyes the while.

But there were in that pensive eye
Some warm deep thoughts expressed,
That spoke a soul more pure and high,
And nobler than the rest;
And should we chance to meet again,
My wish would be that thou
Might have the same strong marks of thought
Imprinted on thy brow.

Joy,

BY MRS. CORNWALL B. WILSON.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
Comes bounding o'er the plain,
A rosy, laughter-loving boy,
'Mid Pleasure's sportive train.
Around his brows a viny wreath
With the blushing rose is twined,
And his scented locks rich odors breathe
To every passing wind.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
His smile is like the morn,
As he roams a jolly hunter-boy
'Mid the sound of hound and horn;
While echo bears on every breeze
His spirit-stirring voice,
And his care-dispelling melodies
Make the leafy woods rejoice.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
He decks the festal shrine;
And the bright eyes of the laughing boy
O'er the winecup gaily shine.
He leads the revel and the dance;
He chants the bridal song;
And sports in beauty's sunny glance,
Life's glowing scenes among.

Extracts.

"Time's flying wheel leaves little trace behind:
The stars and yellow moon do fade away;
Day sinks in darkness, darkness into death,
Death into silence. The rich pearl of life
Soon moulders in its blackened urn, the tomb.
E'en while you mark the wavering flame that lights
The snowy whiteness of consumption's cheek,
Death checks the scanty current in its way,
And the pure spirit leaves its tabernacle of clay."

"Upon the awful silent shore I stand,
And view the vast unbounded ocean near
Of dread eternity. And what are now
The thoughts that overwhelm the trembling soul?
No mortal tongue can give them utterance;
No mortal pen can give the slightest touch
Of their deep, solemn, dread reality.
Before the astonished soul what awful scenes
Stretch onward, onward, onward without end!"

LIGHT READING.

Love, Reason, and Folly.

When Love and Reason dwelt together,
As forth they went, one morn in May,
Love's heart was lighter than a feather,
Though Reason neither grave nor gay.
Love told her dreams, those worst of bores;
But Reason half was pleased to hear,
And paused to look in eyes like yours;
And how those eyes would sparkle, dear!

But soon they met a graceful youth,
His face was fair, his figure slender,
And he could tell a lie like truth,
And languishing could look, and tender.
So Folly drew young Love away,
While Reason seemed but melancholy;
And in a mansion great and gay,
Love ever after dwelt with Folly.
Since then has Reason lived alone,
Declaring Love a little traitor,
And so uncharitable grown
They say he is a woman-hater.

Marks of a Horse.

One white foot, buy him;
Two white feet, try him;
Three white feet, deny him;
Four white feet and a white nose,
Take off his hide, and give him to the crows.

Extract of a letter from Washington.—I yesterday attended the sale of furniture belonging to Senor Rebello, the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, which, notwithstanding the lowering clouds, and dense atmosphere, was fully and fashionably attended; the sale commenced in the kitchen; as usual, some delicacy pervaded the minds, and bridled the tongues of those present, and it was a length of time before a bid could be obtained; the first bid for any kitchen utensil for some time was invariably "*twenty-five cents*," and gradually advanced: at length during a pause after the auctioneer's usual enquiry "what shall we begin with?" a sepulchral voice exclaimed "*twenty five cents*"—the attention to the spot whence it was supposed to proceed, was immediately drawn, but all faces were indicative of surprise, it appeared that nobody had spoken; again the auctioneer exclaimed, "what shall I say for the article?" a pause ensued, and "25 *cents*" was again repeated; "who bid," cried hammer: not a soul replied; well, said he, we'll go on with "25 *cents*," and he continued, and the thing was running up and stopped at 45 cents, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, the same hollow tone exclaimed "*fifty*"—"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the ladies, "what can it be? the house is haunted." The gentlemen declared it "wondrous strange," and were all about leaving the premises, when the auctioneer asked "no more?" he was replied by an echo from the old spot, "*no more;*" then it was, and not until that moment, we discovered a huge *parrot*, who, although generally speaking the Portuguese language, had caught a few words in the English from the frequent repetition of the hammering knight, and imitated his words. This, as you may readily imagine, dispelled the previous alarm, and caused a universal roar of laughter, and the busy hum of the scene was not unfrequently broken afterwards by Poll's bids, who, although she did not contribute much to the profit of her master, afforded a great deal of merriment to the idlers and purchasers of the day, and there was not one present who wished her seized with the *cynanche parotidam.*—*N. Y. Cour.*

The Fly.—Is there one created being in our civilized community that has its own way in all things? Living, eating, drinking and sleeping, where and when it pleases? "Nobody but myself," said a little rascally black fly as he perched himself before us. "I am the only piece of independence among you"—and verily we believed him. Insulting the highest without fear of meeting retaliation; and revelling on the fairest without one twinge of compunction: truly this said fly is lord of the ascendent.—Where's the mighty feat in twigging a great man's nose? we have seen this Monsieur Lawless take possession there and keep it for half an hour at a time, in despite of all the desperate shakes and "phews" and blows aimed at him—humming all the time that most provoking note of impudence, which says so plainly, "I insult you and I dare to do it." Beauty's cheek and crimson lip are but common resting places for him: a sort of inn on his daily route of frolic, and no matter whether it annoys or not, there he must sit till he wills to be off. Then for his bill of fare—who else feasts so familiarly with the great? ever helping himself first from the best dish, while the poor master of the house, be he king, lord, or duke, crosses himself and blesses his stars for every mouthful that is allowed to touch his lips by this impudent intruder.

Draw the curtain round the morning sleeper and keep quiet. "Who cares for that," says Mr. Fly—"shall I not take mine ease where I please;" and forthwith eyes, nose and mouth suffer—not in silence, however, for who can be silent or sleeping while he is pinched and bit by those little scoundrels. Silent! who can be silent while he is about *being ate up.*

A shrewd-looking old fellow here before us suggests that it is for the benefit of the human race that they take all this trouble; that late sleeping in the morning is injurious to health, and that for the same reason they keep people awake in church. Helas! how flies can twist and turn, and misrepresent their motives till aye the wrong "appears the better reason." Persuade us if you can, Monsieur, that it is for our benefit to be haunted and sneered at, (for what else means that villanous little nasal twang,) and finally devour us if you can—all for our good. Well persuaded are we, black head, that thou art the only independent being among us.—*N. Y. Cour.*

Newspaper Paragraphs.

The Fall River Monitor, where a line was wanting to fill out the column, makes the following *important* announcement. "Reader, this line completes the above column." Solomon Swap would say, "It don't though?"—*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

A Dilemma.—A lady in Perth, Upper Canada, being about to add to her little family, sent for a lady, a neighbor, who was similarly conditioned. In the hurry and bustle incidental to such interesting positions, both ladies tumbled into the straw at once; and the nurse was so confused, as Billy Prigg says, that she so jumbled and mixed the babies that she could not identify their ownership, and the mothers finally had to raffle for the choice.—*N. Y. Cour.*

Reform in the Harem.—We learn from a French paper that the Sultan has turned his attention to the dresses of the ladies, and has thereby obtained an important victory over the Mussulmans. The Ladies of the Imperial Harem, and the wives of the Ministers, have already set the example, to the great astonishment of the people, who could scarce believe their eyes on seeing the ladies appear in public in gloves and French corsets. This is all right, and we shall bear the Sultan out, provided he does not allow the fair creatures to screw their waists into razor-edges, and of this we have our fears.—*N. Y. Courier.*

The Boston Journal recently had a story of dreadful outrages committed upon a female who was found in the dock. They now turn out to have been perpetrated by "Sir John Barleycorn." The *lady* "had first fallen into a state of intoxication, and then fallen into the dock."

THE KENNEBECKER.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1829.

"*The Glorious Fourth.*"—This great day was celebrated by our neighbors with much glee. Fortunately for us there was no glorification in town, and we were at liberty and leisure to pursue whatever course our own inclination or convenience might dictate. Both conspired to conduct us to Capitol Hill, namely, as promising the greatest fund of amusement the most easily to be got at. Not that we hoped to be interested in the ceremonies, or gratified by the displays of eloquence; but we anticipated an opportunity for indulging in the propensities supposed to be indicated by the phrenological bumps of comparativeness and causality. The former is the power of discovering the greatness of present objects by measuring them with all that is distant and past, and the latter the faculty of finding out the causes why this generation so far exceeds in true wisdom and glory those who have gone before. The fact itself could not be doubted by any one who witnessed the imposing ceremonies of the occasion (though quære whether they *impose* upon any one nowadays).

The cornerstone of the future state-house was laid by the "Most Worshipful the Grand Lodge of Maine," with those simple, unostentatious, and dignified ceremonies with which masonic shows are wont to be attended. Pride, vanity, and the love of display were far from intermingling with the performances. The gold, and fine linen, and precious stones which glittered and shone on their dresses and decorations could not be supposed to indicate a passion for vain pomp and unmeaning parade. It is not true that the ghost of the ubiquitary William Morgan was seen hovering in the lowering clouds above; nor do we believe that a voice was heard after the three taps which were made by the Grand Master, ejaculating dolefully, "Where is William Morgan?" Mr. Morgan's ghost doubtless better understands propriety and politeness than to intrude into so public an assemblage; but whether he does not sometimes in the silent watches of the night "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon," ask Solomon Southwick—how should we know?

After the masonic dignitaries had got through with their exhibition, the governor of Maine mounted the cornerstone and "in that style of eloquence so peculiar to him" (as a partisan paper said by way of compliment to him two years ago) delivered a speech intended to be appropriate to the occasion. We could with difficulty make out here and there a sentence, but not enough to form an opinion as to its merits. He was very complimentary to the granite which is dug from the Kennebec hills, which he asserted was created when the world was created; and particularly to the stone on which he stood, affirming repeatedly that it would not be moved until the end of time. If he had noticed how far from square and level it had been laid by the masons, perhaps he would have been of a different opinion. In the course of the address he passed many deserved encomiums on "demagogues," and "those who watch when their leaders hold up their hands." Describing the various uses to which the halls of legislation would be put, he said, "There will be learned the lesson of political cant; there will be studied the arts of self-aggrandisement, and the mysteries of party deception; there will be practised that intrigue and management by which the honest and unsuspecting are betrayed, and the cunning and selfish are raised to offices of honor and emolument, and become the great men of the republic." We are not able to quote Mr. Lincoln's words with exactness; but we have given the substance of a passage in his speech. How many of these compliments the demagogues and partisans present applied to themselves we have no means of judging. For ourself we stood secure and unhurt, a fenceman and a twattler. We hope to see the governor's speech in print; but we fear that the party newspapers will hesitate to publish so much truth. If that be the case we shall request a copy for insertion in the Kennebecker, and doubt not we shall receive as polite a reply as did the editor of the Norridgewock Republican when he wrote to Francis Baylies of Massachusetts, to know if he was a federalist; namely, ——.

Solus Celebration.—The anniversary of independence was celebrated at Bachelor's Hall in the usual style. The day was ushered in by the ringing of the bell at half past 9 to call me

up to breakfast. After this performance was over, and I had given orders for dinner, I finished my toilet, and lounged down street for an hour or two, but returned in time for dinner. Precisely at 1 o'clock I formed a procession at my study door, consisting of myself and Ponto, and proceeded to the diningroom where I sat down to an entertainment prepared in the best style. I presided at the head of the table, and Ponto took his place as vice-president under the table. Dinner being over with the usual ceremonies, I called for a tumbler and a bottle of beer, and appointed myself toastmaster. I then rose, and with much dignity and gracefulness announced the following toasts, which I drank with unbounded approbation:

The day I celebrate—The only day of freedom known by married men: the gods preserve me long from the state of double blessedness! (Music on a jewsharp—"Home, sweet home.")

The President of the U. States and the Governor of Maine—Both leading quiet single lives: long may they set a bright example of domestic peace! ("For very often blustering blades are Jerry Sneaks at home.")

The next Presidency—May it be given to one who will *Mac Lean* demagogues and office-seekers, instead of feeding them on the fat of the land! (Rogue's March.)

The American Fair—Another name for *Vanity Fair* (see John Bunyan): Deliver me from such fare! (Air—

"There 's not a look or tone of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot," &c.)

Myself—(Drunk standing). Here I rose and made a neat, eloquent, and appropiate speech, which was unanimously applauded. I afterwards drank many elegant and patriotic volunteer sentiments, and the festivities of the day were concluded with much harmony.

CŒLEBS.

Arkansas.—Ambrose H. Sevier has been reelected Delegate to Congress.

Florida.—Joseph M. White has been reelected Delegate to Congress by a plurality of the votes.

Virginia.—William F. Gordon has been elected to Congress, instead of William C. Rives (appointed minister to France).

The state of Delaware has wholly abolished its militia system. It is estimated that the militia trainings &c. in Pennsylvania cause an annual expenditure of three millions.

Imprisonment for Debt.—In the 4th annual report of the Prison Discipline Society, a few facts are stated in relation to imprisonment for debt, which show the impolitic and useless nature of our laws, in their present operation, and the necessity of some modification. In eighteen cases of imprisonment, in which the whole amount of debt was $155 68, the loss of time was 236 days; which, at 75 cents a day, would have more than paid the debts. In another case, the term of imprisonment of nine persons, for the whole amount of $66 61, was 214 days; which, at 32 cents a day, would have paid the debts.

We are aware that this is a subject which presents some difficulties to a legislator. It is not easy, perhaps, to devise a system which shall guard at all points the rights of a creditor, and secure the debtor against all possibility of oppression and injustice. Still we are of opinion, that the abolishment of imprisonment for all debts under a certain sum, say fifty dollars, would be a benefit to the community. It will be understood, of course, that we do not advocate the application of such a law to debts contracted before its existence. While it would doubtless lessen the number of cases of imprisonment, it would also tend to change, in some degree, the practice of giving credit to persons of doubtful capacity to pay. Whether, on the whole, this would not be an advantage to him that buys, as well as to him that sells, is a question we should feel strongly inclined to decide in the affirmative.

The report states the following facts in regard to imprisonment for debt in the city of New York, on the authority of the keeper of the debtor's jail in that city. The number of cases of imprisonment, during the year 1828, was 1085. The debts together amounted to $25,409 32; the damages to $362,076 99; which bears to the amount of actual debts, the proportion of 1 to 86; and to the amount of debts and damages, the proportion of 1 to 1313 !!

Instruction in Prisons.—The same Report exhibits a few surprising facts in regard to the amount of learning that may be diffused among the convicts in prisons by the perseverance of an individual. At the prison of Sing Sing, N. Y. a Mr. Barrett has made great exertions to teach those to read who are ignorant, which he does by the use of a Bible only, teaching them at the grate of the cell door. The progress made by one convict is given as a specimen—thus; Feb. 22, begun the first verse of Genesis, and learned four letters; 23, learned five letters more; 24, could say all the letters in the first line; 25, knew all the letters in the first verse; 26, knew all the letters in the 2 first verses; 27, spelled all the words of one syllable in the first verse; 28, partially learned the words *created* and *heaven;* March 1, besides learning the words *created* and *heaven*, more perfectly, spelled the word *beginning* correctly; 2, read the first verse in the Bible for the first time; 3, read the first line of the second verse; 4, read all the second verse; 5, read correctly the third verse;

6, the fourth verse; 8, five verses; 10, six verses; 18, read with ease to the sixteenth verse; 19, to the twentieth verse; 22, to the twenty-third verse; 29, read correctly the first chapter of Genesis.

Mr. Barrett also gives a tabular view of the recitation of thirty-five convicts, during eighteen weeks, of portions of Scripture, by which it appears, that 770 chapters, containing 19,328 verses, had been recited; that 42 entire books had been committed to memory; that one man, in seventeen weeks, committed 49 chapters, or 1605 verses; that another, in the same time, committed 1296 verses; that one man committed in one week 8 chapters, and that others, not mentioned in the table, had committed about 1000 verses.

It is stated that the discipline of the New York House of Refuge is much improved since the last year. During the year, 337 received the benefit of the institution. Of this number, 148 were apprenticed to respectable farmers and mechanics generally in the country, at a distance from their former associates. The whole number apprenticed, after being subject to the discipline and instruction of the institution, during the four years of its existence, is 440.—*Boston Courier.*

One of the greatest evils prevailing in our land, is the influence which men of bad morals are permitted to obtain in our *political affairs*. On every side, in every party, some of the most prominent leaders are men whose moral principles and habits ought to exclude them from public confidence. This may be termed a bold charge; but let any man look around in the circle of his own observation, and see if it be not literally true. There seems to exist a class of individuals who have little other business than to cry up and cry down this or that candidate for office; who are ever on the watch for private scandal or public mistake, and ready to take any course, or make any assertion, that may subserve the particular interest they espouse. Is a useful suggestion advanced by some one too modest to proclaim it at the corner of the streets? It is immediately seized upon by some of these partizans, and made subservient to selfish and private purposes. Is a worthy name announced for some distinguished office in the government? A host of these meddlers, scrawlers, and brawlers, gallop forth to assume the charge of the nomination, and commence war upon the characters of all who prefer another. Each of the candidates is taken into the keeping of a portion of these noisy partizans, falsehoods the most foul are invented concerning each; deeds the most atrocious are charged upon his opponent; and personal unkindness and quarrels are frequently excited through the agency of these calumniators, between men who had for years before felt towards each other naught but respect and good will. When the election is over, the partisans of the successful candidate throng around him, brazen-faced and trumpet-tongued, to claim the reward of their disgraceful service. While the unobtrusive friends, who had candidly weighed the merits of the respective competitors for public honour, and had sought to enlighten public sentiment by the exhibition of facts, and shewn their partiality only by their votes—these are regarded and represented as mere *canaille*, unqualified for public employment and undeserving of confidence.

It is time that this state of things should be brought to a close. It is time that the standard of political morality should be elevated to a height correspondent to that of our social intercourse. It is due to our principles, our civil, social and moral institutions, that men whose characters are notoriously bad should be deprived of the control of our political destinies.—*National Philanthropist.*

Trade of War.—It seems to be very bad policy in the neutral European Powers, to permit the war between Russia and Turkey to continue so long. Russia has been a harmless nation, from ignorance of her strength, and from her pacific habits—but an empire, stretching almost round the world, and with a population of 40 or 50 millions, when it shall become accustomed to war, have acquired a taste for it, and drank of the intoxicating stream of military glory, will be most dangerous for the rest of the world, may shake other countries to their foundations, and renew the Grecian, Roman and Napoleon scheme of universal empire. Success infatuates, strength encourages, and military ambition will speculate in Kingdoms, as readily as mercantile humble enterprize would in cottons and teas.—*Boston Pall.*

Blasting Rocks.—Moses Shaw has communicated to the New York Evening Post, experiments in blasting rocks by the use of electricity. A small hole is drilled in the rock and filled with fine powder; sand and dry wood are used for tamping, and a small wire run down, without leaving any priming hole. The electricity is then communicated from the electrical machine to the powder, by the wire as a conductor, and the explosion follows. Fulminating powder is used in the process. Mr. Shaw estimates that it now costs the United States one million of dollars a year in blasting rocks, and that his method would save one half the expense.—*Providence American.*

We have received a week or two ago, says the Winchester Republican, the following letter from Augusta county:

New Hope Post Office, Aug. 3, 1829.

Dear Sir—You will please send —— ——'s paper to this office, as the World's End office has been broken up.

Yours, &c. ——.

When the WORLD'S END shall be broken up to *us*, may *we* have a NEW HOPE to flee to.

The tooth and part of the jaw-bone of a mammoth have recently been discovered in Chambersburg, Pa. The tooth was 7 feet in length, 14 inches round, and weighed about 70 pounds. Other bones were discovered; but they all crumbled immediately on exposure to the air. The enamel of the tooth was white and firm.

The portrait of John Mason Good, prefixed to his Life, is said to be a remarkable likeness of the late Ezekiel Webster of Boscawen, N. H.

☞ This paper is published weekly, at 25 cents a quarter in advance, at the printing office of ROBINSON & BAKER, Hallowell, and may be had at their office, or of either of the following agents: WILLARD SNELL, Augusta; WILLIAM PALMER, Gardiner; ALFRED MARTIN, Winthrop Village; SOLON BEALE, M. W. Seminary, Readfield; D. H. LOMBARD, Readfield Corner; JOHN WHEELER, China; DAVID P. HOWLAND, Vassalborough; E. GOW, Waterville; JOSIAH PERHAM JR., Wilton; JOSEPH BAKER, Scowhegan Falls; THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Waldoborough.